THE PACIFIC

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WINGS.

The man who wishes not for wings
Must be the slave of care;
For birds that have them move so well
And softly through the air. . . .

Beneath the shadow of her wings,
All open like a fan;
Our eyes upon their beauty dwells,
And marvel at the plan
By which things made for use so rare
Are powerful, delicate and fair.

When callow brood doth rest
Against a feathered mother's breast,
Beneath the shadow of her wings,
None seem so close at home as they,
Nor is love felt a cosier way;
Their mother is their home!

—T. Sturge Moore.

THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

GREAT READINESS AMONG BRITONS TO BELIEVE IN ANYTHING WHICH BEARS THE MARK OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

It has become necessary for Christian leaders in England and Scotland to give warning against quite a revival of superstition as a result of the war. Dr. Hutton of Glasgow said recently:

"If we who have to teach and preach do not deliver the truth fully and freely, people will stampede into superstition. The war has shattered so many make-believes of belief that many people are left without any intellectual certitudes at all, and may take refuge in the grossest errors crudities of religion if we do not deliver the whole truth of God."

Mr. Arthur Machen, a layman, said in a recent article concerning the rich harvest which is being reaped now by professional occultists: "We have long put away all shame in the matter. We are openly occult; divination is as much a trade in London now as it was in Babylon five thousand years ago."

Mr. Machen says: "There is another aspect of occult research which has been greatly stimulated by the war. Death is all about us, many have lost those dearest to them, and there is a great curiosity about the life beyond the grave."

This great hunger for signs and wonders has been given acceleration by some Christian ministers of high standing.

Many weeks ago the Rev. Robert Horton, one of the leading Congregational ministers made use of certain stories in an address in Manchester in such a manner as to indicate his acceptance of them.

In June "The Christian," a London publication, summarized some of the stories as follows:

"During the retreat from Mons, a portion of the British Army was so hard pressed as to be in danger of annihilation. At the crucial moment legions of angels were seen by our men, also by the horses of the pursuing enemy, with the result that the animals stampeded, and thus enabled the situation to be saved. (2) In the Dardanelles lately, when enemy airships came over a troopship dropping bombs, the captain, who is a man of God, gave orders for the men to pray. They knelt on deck, and the eighteen bombs, which seemed to descend from overhead, fell harmlessly into the sea. (3) Now and again wounded men on the fields declare that they have been delivered by a comrade in white."

"Dr. Horton, describing such incidents at Manchester, said it was his conviction that, after the carnage, men will come back and tell of the presence of a living God who is able to keep, and of a Saviour who shows himself in the hour of peril, when all earthly succor fails."

The "Comrade in White," we learn elsewhere, was taken to be Jesus of Nazareth. The figure went about the battlefields ministering to the wounded. It was not known who it was, so runs the story, until at length some one saw as he lifted up his hands that he too had been sorely wounded. Then with this disclosure came the revelation that his wounds were not new wounds but old ones—received long ago on the cross on Calvary, and that it was the divine Master himself who moved there among them in helpful service.

Among the things showing how widely these stories have taken possession of people is the statement by the Vicar of St. Barnabas, at Southampton, a believer in them, that the daughter of a well-known canon of the Church of England knew officers who testified that they had seen the angels who saved the troops. The vicar describes how German cavalry in overwhelming numbers were swooping down on the British when "they saw between them and the enemy a whole troop of angels. The German horses stampeded. The men tugged at their bridles, but the poor beasts tore away in every direction from our men."

Among the prophecies revived by the British people is this from "Kilmeny" by James Hogg who lived from 1770 to 1835:

She (Kilmeny) saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst from their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lillies grew, and the the eagle flew;
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapped in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas,
The widows they wailed and the red blood ran.
And she threatened an end to the race of man;
She never lened, nor stood in awe.
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw,
O, then the eagle swinked for life
And brainzell'd up a mortal strife;
But flew she North or flew she South
She met with the growl of the lion's mouth.
With a mooted wing and a waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eyrie again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
Anl lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight.
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

So profoundly are the British people in general impressed with the thought of the righteousness of their cause that they cannot think of anything but victory for their side. Therefore the belief with not a few that God has already intervened and that he will yet in his own good time help them to overwhelm their enemies.

The human arm on which the Allies are now relying is found in part in the policy of "attrition," this, and the better equipment of shells soon to be forthcoming. It is thought that Germany's great wastage of men will ere many months, along with the better equipment of the Allies, turn the tide of war against Germany. Only time can tell.

It does not seem possible, according to human judgment, that Germany can win. But we may see go down still in the future as in the past one after another of those things on which the Allies have counted. Week after week the world was told in the news sent out from London that the Grand Duke Nicholas was strategetically, falling back and drawing the enemy into a trap. Today we know that Lon-

don was in error or that deceptive statements were sent out. Along with the news a few days ago of the fall of Novo Georgiesvsk came the statement that it had been expected in England that that strong fortress, supposed to be the strongest earthen fortress in the world, would stand for three months against even Germany's strong guns. For many months the seemingly impossible has been happening. No one can tell what the end will be. Every defense of the Allies may go down; and prayer, too, may not avail. Surely it is idle for a nation to place its reliance there so long as it has only poor human judgment—and that greatly divided throughout the world—to tell it that it is in the right attitude before God—right in viewing its sins, as a people past and present, and in the determination with God's help to become clean. Moreover, God sees further than man sees. So far-reaching are his plans that men cannot tell how he may rule and overrule in the working out of his purposes.

THE EXALTATION OF THE STATE FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

Very many of our people are of opinion that Germany and Austria-Hungary and Turkey cannot win in the war now going on in Europe. One of the grounds for this judgment is found in the thought that the Allies are fighting for a theory of government on which depends not only their salvation but that of Germany as well. The editors of the Outlook stated last week that it was this that had led them from the first to make that publication opposed to Germany and thoroughly sympathetic with England. They do not go so far of course as to declare that England and the other co-operative nations **must** win for this reason, but that in their judgment they ought to win.

This, we believe, is in disregard of what Germany actually stands for, of what has been accomplished under their form of government and of the sins of the allied nations for centuries which have now come up in judgment.

Among those who declare that the war is a fight for the democratic theory of government against the monarchican and for this reason the Allies ought to win is the former editor of the Baltimore Sun. Some strange things were said by him in an article in the New York Times last week. We quote from his article:

"In Germany practically all power resides in the monarch, not for his personal use, as Frederick the Great was always at such pains to make clear, but for the good of his country and his subjects.

"The Fredericks held democracy in contempt, but so great was their belief in the sacredness of their trust on behalf of their people that Frederick the Great gave instructions in one of his wars which threatened to end badly that if he should be taken by the enemy, no compromise at the expense of the State should be made for the purpose of securing his liberation.

"No matter what the white books and the green books say, no matter who struck the first blow, no matter whether methods have been fair or unfair, on this side or that, down at the bottom this is a war between the monarchical and the democratic.

"The Fredericks, Bismarck, and William II have framed up the issue from their side as strongly (barring the egregious blunders of 1914-15) as it can be presented; for democracy stand France, England, and Italy, with America in reserve and a great autocracy, Russia, drawn into the struggle by considerations apart from the main issue."

"No compromise at the expense of the state!" Everything for the state! Here we find the principle which, acted on by the Fredericks and their successors, has brought about in the German empire conditions of life which have for some time excited the wonder of the whole civilized world and which have stood and will continue to stand as lessons to peoples everywhere. It was a study of these conditions which led the Rev. Dr. Hillis to say recently that all the rest of the world "might well go to school to Germany."

Uninformed and boastful men and women are setting forth in our country every day many things which tend to misguide the people who do not search out the truth for themselves, and thus increase the impression that Germany has nothing that is worthy of survival.

Alice Lane Meredith of Boston, who spent seventeen years in Germany, takes Gertrude Atherton to task as follows in a recent number of the New York Times:

Mrs. Atherton makes the unqualified statement that 'our country stands for the only true progress in the world today.' True progress in any country certainly should mean that the people of that country are cared for, educated, and governed in the best possible manner. Let us compare our own progress in these respects with that which Germany can show, for instance, for it seems to me that the duty of the State to its citizens is more keenly realized and more conscientiously fulfilled in Germany than in any other country. There no child is allowed to grow up in ignorance, and no child may be employed when too young, nor for too long hours, nor where his surroundings are such as to endanger health or morals. When these children are old enough to secure permanent positions, they find many hundreds of co-operative employment bureaus ready to help them. The workingman's insurance, which has been in operation in Germany for thirty years, is only during the past few years being adopted here, as are most of the other regulations for child welfare mentioned above. I have never known a sweatshop to exist in Germany, nor would the filthy tenements of our cities be permitted to remain there for a day. Neither have I ever known of factories burning, where no adequate provisions were made for the escape of the employes; nor excursion steamers like the Eastland and the Slocum being allowed to carry passengers. There is no Blackwell's Island in Germany, where two men are kept in a cell not large enough for one, with no window for ventilation. Careless drivers are not allowed to kill hundreds of innocent victims on the streets of Germany, nor would such a driver escape punishment. We are always boasting of our freedom. Is it not to be deplored that this freedom permits such sins against the weak and helpless to be committed?"

As to the declaration by Mrs. Atherton of "the permanent subjection of the German woman," Mrs. Meredith is of opinion that she saw little of home life in Germany or she would not have written as she did. Mrs. Meredith continues:

"During my seventeen years in that country I had exceptional opportunities for making German friends, not only in my own city, but in nearly every other province, and I found the German women holding an enviable position and enjoying many privileges not accorded to the women of other countries. All universities are open to women, and many women professors may be found in them, while a visit to the clubrooms of any societies of German women will show how many of their number hold high positions in their chosen professions.

"The German husband appreciates his wife's devotion

to him and their children, and he is ready to give her every comfort and pleasure that can he can afford. Every Sunday and holiday one may see hundreds of these happy couples, usually with their children, enjoying their outing together, and many Americans have envied them their ability to find so much enjoyment in the most simple and inexpensive pleasures.

"I once heard a young American girl say: "If I could be sure that, after ten years of married life, my husband would be as devoted to me as that German husband is to his wife, after all these years, I would marry, too, but so many American husbands do not wear well.'

"Another American woman said pathetically, to her German friend: 'I would give anything that I posses if I could hear my husband speaking of 'my wife' in the tone of pride that your husband has.' "

Mrs. Meredith takes up as follows some of the assertions that life has been almost unendurable in Germany because of the autocratic, bureaucratic system of government:

"Ever since the war began the Germans have been pictured to us as almost slaves, because they have an Emperor at the head of their nation, instead of a President, and we have been constantly told that the German people have suffered from militarism during all these forty years of peace; yet, in my seventeen years there, I saw no sign of all this, nor did I ever hear Germans oppose the system of military training. Full well they knew how their beloved land had been laid waste, more than once, by their enemies because they had been unprepared and, when this war came, not only those young men fo Germany who were called out answered the call, but also more than a million volunteers within a few days! Compare this state of things with that in England, where, as Mrs. Atherton has said, 'the very poor have never fought for England unless coerced It is not their England, but the England of the gentleman class.'

"Poverty, such as is seen in England and in America, is not to be found in Germany, and a happier and more contented people than the Germans were before the war began, never existed.

"Many newspaper writers have made the statement that our German-American citizens left their own country because they were unhappy and oppressed there. Broadly speaking, I do not believe that this has been the case for more than a generation. Did it never occur to these writers that Germany's large annual surplus population, (an excess of 750,000 per annum,) has driven hundreds of thousands to seek a livelihood in America and England and her colonies, where the thorough and efficient training they obtained in German schools finds better compensation than in their own land, overcrowded with men equally competent?"

We desire now to turn the minds of the readers of The Pacific again to the principle on which the rulers of Germany have ever acted—"Everything for the state!" All modern students of Germany—British as well as American writers—testify that under the monarchical socialism which has prevailed in Germany for several decades the interets of the individual, the average man and woman has been the one paramount object. Toward this everything has converged.

Contrast all this with what has been going on in our free and easy democracy—in a land where freedom has developed widely into license to consult ones own ease and interests and to pursue the course often to the utter disregard of all others and their interests.

We are not thinking now especially of the corruption and graft in the municipality and in the state, of the wrongs and crimes in our industrial life, but rather of that disposition, so prevalent in our midst for long, for men in public positions to forget that they are put there not for themselves but for the state. The municipality, the state, has not generally been first as it was with the Fredericks, nor as it has been in Germany and which has long made that people more of a unit than any other on the face of the earth.

Far too often, when men have come into positions of public trust they have laid down in them, have begun to take their ease therein as they did not when concerned with their own individual business. Too often they have desired to make one position a stepping-stone to another and a higher, and have not served the interests of the people as they would have done if they had not feared to risk their aspirations for something more or other.

It will be time to vaunt our govenrment and that of England above that of Germany when they have shown a better fruitage than as yet has come from either.

We need to lay more emphasis in our land on the duty of making the state, as something for all the people, the first thing.

Decades ago Walt Whitman wrote:

The President is there in the White House for you—it is not you who are here for him;
The secretaries act in their bureaus for you—not you here for them;
The congress convenes every twelfth-month for you;
Laws, courts, the forming of states, the charters of cities, the going and coming of commerce and mails are all for you."

And again Whitman wrote:

"I dreamed in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love; it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words."

WHAT IF THE CENTRAL POWERS SHOULD WIN?

There are many who believe that it would be an awful calamity to the world if the Central Powers should win in the European war.

In our first editorial this week we have stated that from the limited human view it did not seem possible that they could win, and yet that the seemingly impossible might happen as it often has happened in the past; and that unseen influences, God for instance, had always to be taken into account and far-reaching results considered which man could not foresee.

However, as a student of history and of the trend of current events we see no reason for the people of this or any other country to despair if the Central Powers should win. We believe that good is going to come out of this war—no matter which wins. President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard said in a recent article: "It is a safe inference from the events of the past six months that the longer the war lasts the more significant will be the political and social changes which result from it. It is not to be expected, and perhaps not to be desired, that the ruling classes in

the countries autocratically governed should themselves draw this inference at present; but all lovers of freedom and justice will find consolation for the prolongation of the war in this hopeful reflection."

Dr. Eliot's sympathies are with the Allies, as seem also to be those of Charles Willis Thompson who has written this: "That German success would transform the world intellectually and in its aims and ideals goes without saying. German success would be Germanization—not Germanization which would have been implied by that word sixty years ago, but the world-spread of the gospel of materialistic efficiency and 'kultur' with the subordination, if not the effacement of individualism. The success of the Allies would not imply such far-reaching alterations in ideals and aims; but however the war ends a new town will arise on the burned district."

Mr. Thompson makes note of the breaking down of the theory of international solidarity on which the socialists had rested, but says: "At the same time it cannot escape observation that governments decidedly not socialistic have put into practice some of the most advanced practical socialism that can be imagined. It may mean that the new era will be socialistic, but socialistic on a sterner and more practical basis than that of the Socialists; that theoretical socialism based on the brotherhood of man will die out and a hard and selfish socialism based on the needs of each state will begin to live."

Our own thought is that REAL democracy and the interests of the masses will have a mighty uplift all over Europe because of this war, and that in our land also lessons of good will be learned that will lead us to build a democracy that shall be that not only in name, but in deed.

Leading thinkers—not socialists—in Germany have expressed the judgment for some time that a greater measure of liberty for the German people would come as a result of the war. The German Chancellor said recently in substance that Germany owes her success to moral power exerted in the direction of freedom. In a debate last week in the Reichstag Dr. Eduard David, the Socialist leader, said with reference to the words of the Chancellor:

"And I hold it to be my duty to add that we expect a greater measure of liberty for the German people. With this hope we shall vote for new credit. We must reach the goal of equal rights attending equal civil duties.

"Whoever did not know it before must have learned through this war that the great masses of the German people stand so high in efficiency, in the spirit of organization, in the sense of social duty, that the demand for full political equality can no longer be refused. Creation of freer and higher conditions of law and culture among the people themselves and in respect of other peoples must be the unalterable aim of a policy which strives for the best for our own people and all humanity. In struggling for that goal we vote for the present war credit."

One writer whom we have quoted appears to fear what he terms "the subordination if not the effacement of individualism." All that might turn out to be a blessing. That is the trouble in our country now. We have too much individualism. Under monarchical socialism in Germany the condition of the average man has long been far better than the condition of the average man in any other country on earth. The only objection German Socialists have to it so far as it goes is that it heads up in the Kaiser instead of in the people.

OUR "FINALLY" CONCERNING BILLY SUNDAY.

One Thing More He Should Cut Out.

Our comment on William Sunday, the Evangelist, since we heard him in San Francisco, has been with the hope that he might be brought to realize that his power does not lie in the utterances that are so objectionable to many people and that are condoned by others only at a sacrifice of consistency and with much compunction. We have endeavored to be fair in our presentation of his work, and shall believe that we have been until something is put forth showing to the contrary.

We are far from confident that any impression can be made on Mr. Sunday. He is today very much as he was when he was a base-ball player. The captain of the team of which he was a member in Chicago often said that Sunday was altogether too daring, woud take extraordinary chances to get from base to base because of the tremendous turn of speed he possessed, but that he "might as well try to hold a frightened deer as to undertake to restrain Sunday when he made up his mind to leave one base and fly to the next."

However, we have yet one thing more to name in his San Francisco sermons or addresses which in our judgment ought not to have been. This is the burlesque of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League meetings.

Of course it was "great" and very few could refrain from laughing at it despite the fact that there was something within declaring all the time that it was outrageous.

It is far better for the young people to have such meetings as they do have than to have none at all.

Grant that their meetings are often formal and lacking in real, heart devotion, it is the best to which they have attained; and in thousands of cases it leads on to something other—something vital and fruitful. Isn't it all as good in its place as Billy Sunday's vaudeville, for which he contends most strenuously whenever any of his shocked hearers suggest a little toning down of it?

Please think on these things, Mr. Sunday. Our judgment is that ministers might with as much reason get up and burlesque the prayers people often make at prayer-meetings.

Among the many striking sayings of Billy Sunday recently we came across this: "What God needs and the world needs, is men who are solid mahogany all through." There is mahogany in Billy Sunday here and there—but it is far from being all through.

The fruit of the spirit is said by Paul to be: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, **self-control.**"

Inasmuch as Billy Sunday is before the public as a gospel herald as very few men now are we believe that as an editor it lies within our province to direct his attention anew to those words of Paul in the great book which he exhorts us to accept from cover to cover, and also to David's prayer: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips."

If thou would'st be like him, little one, go
And be kind with a kindness undefiled;
Who gives for the pleasure of thanks, my child
God's gladness cannot know.

—George MacDonald.

"ROMAN CATHOLICISM ANALYZED."

A Timely New Book.

This new book, "Roman Catholicism Analyzed," written by J. A. Phillips who was for many years a missionary in Mexico, is a dispassionate examination of Romish claims. The author has had exceptional opportunities for studying the outworkings of Catholicism in Mexico, and in his book-studies of the system has made every effort to get the exact view-point of the Roman Catholic and to state it accurately. The author says in a "foreword": "It is not right to appeal to the passions of men in the discussion of serious matters. But no harm can come from a fair examination of any religion. If the Roman Catholic who chances to glance over some of the pages of this book should fear least the faith of himself or some one else might be shaken let him reassure himself with the thought that we are not irreverent towards God, nor do we lack respect for the millions of true men and women who are faithfully endeavoring to serve God in the bosom of Catholicism.... Living as we do side by side, with all our highest interests in common, it is right that we should endeavor to be mutually helpful both as to thought and practice. Catholic and Protestant readers alike must recognize that their dearest friends have not been confined to their respective churches. There has, no doubt, been many a Catholic saint who has not been and never will be canonized. And after we all have been as charitable as our human limitations permit, the heavenly Father will at the last discover many a jewel which was hidden from our eyes." After a comparison of the two systems of belief—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, the author proceeds to consider Rome as a Teacher, under "Rome's Fallible Teaching", and "Rome's Claim to Infallibility." Next he takes up Rome's Idea of Worship, under "The Seven Sacraments," and "Results of the Romish Cult." From these considerations he goes on to: The Roman Catholic System of Government, Fruits of the Roman Catholic System, ending with a chapter on The Religion of the Spirit.

We quote from one of the concluding paragraphs: "Romanism insists that God demands a literal visible subjection to her; and that to secure this she must have control of the 'secular arm.' "

There is a valuable appendix containing many of the definite statements of Roman Catholic authorities, among them this by Cardinal Gibbons: "Although a vast majority of the sovereign pontiffs should have been so unfortunate as to lead vicious lives, this circumstance would not of itself impair the validity of their prerogatives which are not given for the preservation of their morals, but for the guidance of their judgment"

Bishop Burt of the Methodist Episcopal Church commends this book as a timely one, and believes that its circulation will accomplish much good. He writes: "There has been a persistent and quite thorough censorship on the part of Roman authorities in this country over a considerable portion of the public press, on the books selected for our public libraries and the text books for our public schools. The result is a lamentable ignorance on the part of our American people of the principles and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. The people, however, are now awakening out of their long sleep and are anxious to know the whole truth. We have never before seen such eagerness on the part of the people to be informed on this subject. Roman Cathiolc preachers and lecturers have lately been inviting us to examine the foundations af their system. Here in Buffalo there have been placards in the windows of the trolley cars for months inviting the public to a series of lectures on the peculiar and fundamental teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. They are literally flooding the country today with books, pamphlets and papers which present their side of the question. They are saying, 'Fairness no less than common sense teaches that a man should study and examine the teachings of the Catholic Church from Catholic sources before condemning her.' Mr. Phillips has taken these men at their word, has given us Roman Catholic teaching from Roman Catholic sources, and he has made a most valuable contribution to the literature available on this most important subject. His treatment of the theme is judicial and fair in every particular."

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, $1.50 net.

"THE AWAKENING OF WOMAN."

A New Book on the Woman Movement.

The author, Florence Guertin Tuttle, says in a "foreword": "The woman's movement has been viewed from many angles. It has been as a sex problem, an industrial problem, and a political problem—according to the insight or bewilderment of the spectator. But the psychic awakening, the real cause of feminism, has been relatively overlooked." She assumes the feminist to be a woman with an awakened sense of individual responsibility toward life, expressing this responsibility in action; and that feminism becomes thus a matter of spiritual initiative and impulse. Her book is "an effort to trace to their mental and spiritual sources the growing activities of women and to indicate that the freeing of woman's creative energies instead of being inimical to human progress is in reality necessary to it."

Writing first on The Misunderstood Woman Question, the author considers next the Creative Awakening, in chapters on Woman and Genius, and Why a Mentally Creative Womanhood is Desirable. Under Social Awakening there are chapters on Motherhood and on Womanhood and the Revaluation of Life. Under The Awakening of the Sense of Race Responsibility there is consideration of the Relation of Women to Eugenics, and Natural and Spiritual Selection in Marriage.

The author says: "We know that the variety of man's experience has been the instigator of his progress. He has grown in proportion as he has exercised new functions, new abilities, daring to enter new fields. To the privilege of unrestricted range man owes his supremacy as world builder and master.

"The history of woman reveals a creature specialized almost entirely to one set of interests. From such specialization we should not expect versatility nor complete expression.

"In point of developed mentality and exercise of the imagination, woman is far behind man. With woman evolution has only just begun the conscious unfolding of the psychic; but it has begun. The same law is at work. Conditions at last permit. Racial advance demands it. The barque of womanhood, bearing the sacred freight of the children of the future, is turned in the same general direction of creative evolution as that of man. Together they sail on the same seas, moving toward the same goal—the port of a spiritually perfect race."

We are told that the question "Is a mentally creative

womanhood desirable?" is no longer relevant. "As well try to stem Niagara as to suggest crowding woman back into channels of non-creative activity. The facts of the case are that feminism has opened the casket of woman's mental treasures and the precious gifts within have escaped on wings. For weal or woe the mind of woman has invaded almost all realms of the constructive imagination; and having once tasted the joys of creation, and reaped the substantial rewards, nothing less than utter annihilation can restrain its expression."

The thought of the author is that the demand today is that woman should be spiritually fertile, psychically fertile, and that a womanhood awakened in its higher inner forces could no more resist creating than a seed could refrain from breaking through its shell. She remarks: "To those who would still keep the iron shell of convention on woman's progress, believing sincerely in the continued restriction of her sphere, it has been pointed out that, physiologically, child rearing occupies only about one third of a womans's life. She may energize conscientiously as a mother, finding herself a grandmother at forty with a rich new life of creative activity before her; or she may find herself still capable, but discarded on society's scrap heap, the waste product of a system that has not yet learned to employ all its social forces. Earl Barnes tells us that the unutilized energies of the average woman of middle life,, after her children no longer need her immediate attention, when with mature experience she should be of greatest world value, is one of society's inexcusable wastes."

When she comes to consider motherhood the author declares that despite all the chatter to the contrary the strength of the woman's movement lies in its improved mothers.

"What is the spirit of the times today? What is the great new characteristic that is engaging and molding the minds of men? Is it not a passion for racial betterment, a stirring consciousness that all is not right with the world, as we have so complacently sung, but that much of it is shamefully wrong, and that we, and not a far-off Deity, are to blame?"

In the chapter on Eugenics we read: "The woman of today may, if she chooses, charm in a thousand roles instead of one. Will she choose? She is no longer economically compelled to do so. May not the time come when the 'business of being a woman' will be to inspire a man's soul rather than to charm his senses? Only when love is held fast by inviolate, unpurchasable attraction of spirit does it become, indeed, 'all.' "

Abingdon Press, New York, $1.00 net.

"THE UNFOLDING UNIVERSE."

A Sketch of the Contributions Made by the Various Sciences Toward a Philosophy of the Universe.

A new book by the Rev. Edgar L. Heermance, the title of which is given in the caption of this article, leads the reader interestedly over a wide field of knowledge with the intent of throwing light on the great questions relating to God and man and the universe. Part one is devoted to the Physical, part two to the organic, part three to the Psychical, part four to the Spiritual.

In the first part attention is given to The Stars, Electrons, The Ether and The Universal Energy.

In the second part: The Evolution of Life, The Cell, How Far Does Chemistry Carry Us? The Origin of Life.

In part three we find consideration of The Evolution of Man, The Central Nervous System, Nerve Cells and Reflexes, The Human Mind, the Subconscious, A New Definition of Immortality, the Higher Life of Man, the Shadows of History.

Under "The Spiritual," in part four the author writes of the Social Stages of Religion, Religion and Psychology, Communion, Inspiration, Physical Effects, Conversion, The Religious Hypothesis and the Republic of God.

Dr. Heermance writes: "On one of the concluding pages: "Taking the idea of a spiritual universe as a working hypothesis, drawn from the personal and largely subconscious experiences of a great proportion of the race and confirmed by the progress of the race itself and to some extent by the carefully-sifted evidence as to the existence of an eternal factor in religion, the universe and man's relation to it is given a meaning increasingly clear and capable of realization. The appearance of life on the planet, the evolution of man and his cultural history is no longer a mere 'sport' of nature, an inexplicable blossoming of reality in the soil of a barren cosmos, a meaningless harmony breaking in upon the monotone of existence. Man's planetary life becomes the key to the understanding of the whole. Philosophy for the first time is given a working explanation of the world in which we live."

In the evolution of things on up to man Dr. Heermance says: "To use a simple parable—it would seem as if God said to the protozoon: 'I have endowed you with certain powers. I have given you this environment, partly favorable, partly hostile. See what you can make of yourself. Rise; I will help you! Millions of years passed. The original protozoon assumed many different forms, but still it was but a single cell, capable of only the simplest functions. The Great Biologist watched and waited. And at last his patience was awarded. One of the protozoa became a colony of cells; the colony became a many-celled organism. And to the first metazoon God said, "See what you can make of yourself. Rise; I will help you!' Through the ages the Master Mind watched the evolution of plant and animal forms—now forward through rapid and successful mutation—until the species which showed such promise became over-specialized or unsuited to its environment and yielded its proud place to some humble species better fitted to advance. The vertebrates came at last, the mammals. Was the end at hand? To the first authropoidea the Master spoke the same challenge, Rise, I will help you! The monkey came, the great ape, mightier than any animal that had gone before. But again there was over-specialization. The chance was gone; the door of progress closed. But soon in one of the still generalized authropoidea there came another series of mutations. A new species arose, walking erect, with more complex brain, using its new found hands, fond of play, gregarious, hunting and fighting in parks, communicating by rude sounds. The Master listened. 'My little child has said its first word,' he said.

"Beyond some such figurative description we cannot go, in the present state of our knowldege, especially on the subject of variation. That God was concerned in the process is clear. From him life must have come. He furnished the environment; he was the environment. We must think of him as co-operating with organism at every stage of the process. All the power of the universe was on the side of the individual which started to rise. That the cosmic mind left to the organism itself much of the direction of the process—even perhaps the control of mutation, on

which the whole process depended—is suggested not only by the ups and downs of the evolutionary process itself, but by the useless characters found in almost all species and by the presence of many forms of living creatures actually harmful to man."

The thought of the author is that the divine purpose is not the further perfecting of the human species along physical lines, but along spiritual — that the creation of a spiritual nature is now in progress and "to each man born on this planet comes the call and the opportunity to take his place in the higher spiritual order, to become in his character and his aim, in his knowledge and his satisfactions like the Master Mind whom we call God."

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HALF-STARVED CHURCHES.

I have seen them, the shrunken cheeks, the dull and sunken eyes, the tottering steps, the fruitless endeavor. I have breathed the spiritual atmosphere which they generate, discouraging, anemic, lifeless. And I have had my sympathies stirred within me and my heart cry out for something tonic, reviving, to send the red corpuscles anew through all the frame. What shall be done to revive them? Money will not do it, even though the choice pews in the center aisle still are rented to millionaires. Social standing will not do it, even though the President and all his cabinet occasionally occupy the pews appointed for them. Artistic music from the most expensive choir will not do it. I have heard such a choir in a church in San Francisco singing to almost empty pews, and many are the times when "classical," artistic music was being rendered (executed, may I say?) and I looked out on an audience that came to join in worship and to hear the true gospel preached, evidently endeavoring to be patient till the choir got through. And I have heard "Jesus, lover of my soul" sung to Martin by such a choir, when every soul present seemed to be absorbed in listening, and the very atmosphere seemed surcharged with a worship "in spirit and in truth." The next most unsuitable and worse-than-useless thing in a worshipping assembly, to a sermon "above the heads of the people," is an anthem at a like elevation.

Machinery, organization, galvanic treatment, will not cure the weakness or meet the need of the half-starved church. Much of this is useful in a well-fed church. We can scarcely overestimate these things wisely framed and carefully worked, if there is the healthy, vital force pervading it and running it, but without this the more there is of machinery the more cumbrous and unwieldy is the whole affair. In such a church I have seen the Endeavor Society doubled or more in attendance by a contest between the "boys" and the "girls" which would bring in the largest recruitage, and the side that was worsted was to banquet the whole crowd. But what came of it? That particular Society is dead. The members of a church who, not fed by it, contrive to feed themselves, seeing the Sunday School running down, say one to another, "Go to, we must organize a Baraka Class and a Philathea Class and a Teachers' Training class, and must grade the other classes and have a Rally Day and a Children's Day, and all the rest. Every one of these is an excellent thing if there is behind it and within it the warm, healthful, red-blood vitality, but if not, the novelty wears out and the organizations or arrangements wither and pass away.

What then shall be done for a half-starved church? Feed it. Feed it with food conveninent for it. Follow the prescription of the great Physician, its divine Healer, its everlasting Lord, Jesus the Christ. What is this prescription? HIMSELF. "My flesh is food indeed and my blood is drink indeed." Study the sixth chapter of John, verses 32-34 and 49-59 and you will see what Jesus meant when, in restoring to apostleship the disciple who had thrice denied him, he bade him "Feed my sheep," and "Feed my lambs." It is not philosophy, it is not theology, it is not ethics, it is not even Christianity in the abstract, but it is Jesus Christ himself, in the concrete, — himself living our life, dying for our sins, risen and living evermore, — our life, his church's life, himself and he alone, the way, the truth. the life. This does not mean that the pastor's preaching is to have nothing to say about external behaviour, or about abstract truth, or about community interests, or about methods of church activity, or about world-wide missions, any more than Paul's purpose to know at Corinth nothing save Christ and him crucified, prevented him in those wonderful letters to that church from touching upon all such matters. But it does mean that in whatever he is called to say respecting such things, there shall be somehow a lifting up of Christ. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." The personal Jesus, at once our High Priest and our accepted sacrifice, our Companion, Counsellor, Advocate, in-dwelling Life, — he, brought forth from a personal experience of his forgiving love and his renewing grace, — this is the golden thread on which our pearls of speech are to be strung. This the **vitamine** in whatever food we bring, as shepherds, to our flocks, will give us well-fed churches. Nothing else will do it. "Apart from me ye can do nothing."

And pastors are mistaken who think that thus to preach will empty the auditorium. I am persuaded that this is what church-going people crave. I once heard it said concerning the brother who at that time was doubtless the most popular preacher in San Francisco, on his retirement from the pastorate, "We have had a man who could gather a crowd; now we want one who can build up the church." But I am sure that the preaching which feeds the church will steadily, even if slowly, gather in those who are without. People are hungry for Christ. Even though they are not conscious of this and think that almost anything else would feed them better, their hunger is for Christ and the true God as lived out on earth in Him. Christian men in business life, lawyers, teachers, bankers, are saying this privately and publicly: "We are reading about the war, about politics, about civic righteousness, about social service, all the week; we even think that we know more about these matters than our pastor does. He is an expert in another sphere, and we go on Sunday to hear him concerning things in his domain." What they mean is, whether they know it or not, We are hungry for the living Bread which came down from heaven, — hungry for Jesus Christ.

At the outset of our civil war I was in Washington on a brief visit. I left on the evening of the day on which in Baltimore the first drops of blood in our civil war were shed. I passed, in going west to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the smouldering ruins of the Harper's Ferry armory. I reached Cincinnati all on fire in heart over the

events of the week then closing. Not willing to travel on Sunday, I stopped in that city till Monday. I sought out a Congregational church and listened to brilliant war sermon. In the evening I found another church and heard a sermon without a word in it on current events, but rich in its comments on Christ's story of the Prodigal Son and the merciful Father. I went away from the morning sermon hungry, unsatisfied. I left the evening service fed, refreshed and strenthened. I had been eating of the "Living Bread," and I learned a lesson as to what other men need and relist on their day of rest. W. C. P.

THE TOPMOST TIP.

Edward D. Weage.

Was there ever another such rest land and playground as this great long Pacific Coast! From where the Olympics break into a wilderness of crags and Rainier stands majestic and unequalled to where the Lagunas of the far southland drop from pine-covered tops to painted, desert, the mountain region of the coast is indescribably wonderful.

The civilization of man seems to be necessary and his inventions convenient, but it is sometimes a great relief to get away from the inventions and civilizations of men to the inventions and civilization of God. The European war and daily papers and crowds of people and all the mix and strain and rush and defeat and victory of these days is not all there is of life. The Sequoias light their matchless heads and bear witness to the dignity, beauty, power, resourcefulness and love of God just as they did centuries before the Kaiser was born. Pack trains still wind through the forest just as they did in the days before all the world was divided into two parts, those who had autos and those who had not. The squirrel who, a few feet from me sits on a teetering shrub daintly eating his breakfast as he watches me eat mine, the Junko who scolds me for no particular reason except that I am here, the deer who frequently crosses my path and would be more companionable if he dared are all parts of the invention and civilization of God.

A few mornings ago I took the trail for one of the great peaks of the Sierras, eleven thousand feet high, ten miles from camp. Up from the Redwoods, the trail led us through pines, white, yellow, black, sugar, tamarack, interersed with firs, hemlock, spruce, then to the small Alpine pines and finally to the gnarled and twisted Junipers that clung on the edge of the snow to their granite rocks. Practically the entire trip was in the shade. Now and then the ported trees gave glimpse of distant peaks. Sometimes the trail had been blasted from the face of the precipice that dropped sheer a thousand feet below us. Now and then we reached a stream that rushed and tumbled over the trail and a meadow with its vivid green, and almost everywhere were flowers. The flowers of the Sierras are not more remarkable for variety than the flowers of the Olympics or the Rainier region but they are amazing in their brilliancy. All the glory of the sunlight and the colors of the rainbow are caught by their infinitely delicate forms. Even the deep shade of the forest is lighted by the creamy pyrolas and by the white and the brown and the red of the root parasites whose colors blend so marvelously with the shadows around them and who own the snow plant king

Out in the open, mimulus and penstemon and larkspur, lilly and lupin, paint brush and forget-me-not, gentian and gilia, aster and goldenrod and daisy. And away on top the comical tufted seed heads of the anemone, the heather, the pink primrose and the white alpine phlox, all the stars that blossom in the summer days on the crumbling granite of the great peak fill one with wonder and delight. Wherever the streams run ferns wave in the sunlight and on dry slopes nestle in the shadow of the over-hanging rocks.

At last with shortened breath we threw ourselves on the snow bank that filled one of the hollows of the top. Lakes lay far below us in their bare rockbasins. Saw-hook thrust its peak into the sky just south of us. Patches of white gleamed here and there in the great range and all around us was the wilderness of the Sierras. We were on one of the topmost tips of the world. As the homesick Christ came from the transfiguration mount with courage strong and vision clear for the work that waited him so may we, lovers of the wilderness, find in it new fitness for our work.

Tulare, Cal.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

No part of his church work gives the conscientious pastor more serious concern than his weekly prayer meetings—and rightly so. It is of no less importance though less formal, than the pulpit work. A poorly attended and uninteresting prayer meeting is a sad reflection on any minwiser, and should put him not to feeling it a burden and thought of giving it up, but to prayer and study that he may make it better. If he see it going down on his hands he should accept the suggestion as rebuke of his spirit or his methods and proceed forthwith to make a change, that will arouse interest by meeting the social and spiritual needs of his people. I attended a service the other day where the minister announced that at the prayer meeting the week previous there were present fifty, out of a membership about equal to another where there were only twelve on the same night. He announced also the topic for study which was a part of John v. The topic of the other I do not know, but I do know that whatever it was the pastor did all the talking, and they had only one prayer.

This comparison suggests the first things the latter pastor ought to see—so I won't tell him. The conduct of a prayer meeting cannot be indicated by hard and fast rules, but must be left to the promptings of earnest and hungry hearts. The principal thing is freedom and encouragement to expression. Often a topical Bible reading, often a brief exposition, sometimes a service of song with comments, frequently narratives of experiences, occasionally questions, always holding fast the devotional, prayerful, heart-to-heart idea, and never under any circumstance allowing the critical merely intellectual atmosphere to become dominant. The discourse of the leader should be brief, devout, helpful, especially to those who are in trouble or perplexity or weariness of body or mind. These come to the prayer meeting not to be bothered with higher criticism or abstract problems of any kind, but to get away from them and pray.

The fellowship one with another, the concentration of desire in one direction the open, trustful, receptive aspiring spirit, waiting on God will bring its result in increased power, strengthened purpose, mutual sympathy, patience, courage and every other element of efficient Christian character, but all this can be easily missed by too long a talk, or one that diverts the mind of the people from the only

source of their satisfaction—communion with the Father of Spirits.

The best prayer meetings I ever attended were those in which large space was given for silence. And again those in which everyone took some part. One who takes part, however small, in a meeting always thinks it is a good meeting.

Brethren, don't complain that your prayer meetings, are poor and uninteresting and profitless. It is your own condemnation. It is your business to make them better Don't hammer your people, lead them. Pray more yourselves and come to the prayer meeting full of the right spirit and your people will catch it. A failing prayer meeting means that the church has some kind of a fungus on its roots. YOUR BROTHER.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary writes in the Boston Transcript concerning the Congress of Religious Philosophies which was held in San Francisco the last week in July: "Though somewhat hastily arranged, this congress elicited no little interest and reflected much credit upon its organizer, Mr. Ernest E. Power. The congress sailed under the colors of Rabindranath Tagore, its absent honorary chairman. It dipped interestingly and impartially, if not always very profoundly, into a number of contrasted religions and schools. The first day was given to Christianity, Judaism and Atheism; the second to Hinduism and the third to Confucianism, Taoism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Theosophy. Those who attended all the sessions, must have gone away with the impression, 'So many paths that wind and wind.' And yet the common interest in spiritual verities, and the spirit of toleration, reaching if not passing the farthest limits of fellowship, was on the whole reassuring, except when Miss Emma Goldman presented the philosophy of Atheism—when all the winds of denial and destruction seemed let loose."

Mr. Furinya, the leading Japanese merchant in Seattle, has become a Christian. He had a prominent part a few years ago in the building in that city of a ten thousand dollar Buddhist temple. His children have, however, been attending the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Church for several years. A few weeks ago Mr. Furnya was ill and was confined to his bed for some time. At that time he sent for the Rev. M. Obayashi, the pastor of the Japanese Methodist Church, stating that he desired to talk with him on religious matters. Day after day the pastor called upon the princely merchant and in every conversation presented to him the claims of Jesus Christ as the Divine Savior from sin. Weeks passed, and one day to the delight of the pastor, the merchant said, 'I have come to think in an entirely different manner of Christianity, spiritually I believe I am a Christian, and I am in full sympathy with your work.' He then requested Mr. Obayashi to put in writing the conversation they had together on the subject of Christianity, and he would see to it that they were printed in the Japanese daily newspaper. This was done, and for three weeks the Japanes newspaper contained a conversation between Mr. Furuya, the leading Japanese merchant of Seattle, and Rev. M. Obayashi. Far-reaching good it is thought will result.

In a recent address in the East Miss Jane Addams reaffirmed her statement that soldiers had been stimulated for their bayonet changes on the battle fields of Europe by alcohol and drugs. She said: "My informants in England France, and Germany were soldiers, officers, and well-informed civilians. I don't question the soldier's courage, but when a prominent official in the Paris War Office tells me his men are given absinthe before a bayonet charge I believe him. When a German Lieutenant tells me his men were given a drug formula, containing sulphuric ether among other things, to stimulate their bloody bayonet work, I believe him. And when a big Oxford University professor in England tells me his son and nephew were given rum to stimulate them in battle, I believe him. When common talk in all countries among the women who have husbands and sons and sweethearts at the front tells the same thing, I begin to believe that the average soldier is not sufficiently brutish and beastly to fight with cold steel against his brother man unless primed with drugs or strong drink." A caleblegram from London to the New York Times on August the 7th quotes Professor Bernard Fares who had been with the armies at the front for sometime as saying: "German prisoners are sometimes found so hopelessly intoxicated that they are not, sober for twenty-four hours after their capture."

Several of the leading Congregational ministers in England are spending the vacation period in the war zone in France and through the Y. M. C. A. are ministering to the soldiers spiritually. The August number of the British Congregationalist states: "Rev. R. J. Campbell intends to spend the first part of his vacation with the troops, and hopes to get close to the firing line, Rev. Campbell Morgan has abandoned his visit to America, and will instead go to the front for the Y. M. C. A. and speak to the soldiers, has gone to France, where he is to work as a Y. M. C. A. helper among the soldiers in the Havre region. The Castlegate Church has given Mr. Henderson leave of absence for three months, and he will resume his ministry at the beginning of October. Principal D. L. Ritchie, of Nottingham College, will be in France on similar work from July 26th to September 11th.

The British soldier complains of the dull, monotonous hum that rises from the Turkish lines and disturbs his repose in his trench at Gallipoli says a writer in the Boston Transcript. It is probably some staid chant of the Moslem creed droned to the thump of the tomtom, a hymn, perhaps, for the soldier about to go into battle. Strangely enough the Turk, of all the nations fighting, seems to have recourse to the ancient battle song. The trenches of the Indians are marked by the deathly silence which prevails there both day and night. The English, on the contrary, chatter and laugh, but sing only the popular airs from home. The Marseillaise is seldom heard on the front; nor is "Die Wacht am Rhein," neither of which compare with the old battle chant of the time of Dane and Saxon. Only the Turk clings to the barbarous tune composed to the clang of sword and shield and sings of heroes of the past in a menacing monotone during the watches of the night.

Christian Endeavor is doing a good work in the state prison at San Quentin. The vice-president of the San Quentin society writes: "We have more than two hundred who are members of the Christian Endeavor society. The Christian Endeavor monogram has become an emblem that is honored and respected. The best proofs of Christian Endeavor influence and help are to be seen in the lives of the men

that go out to the world again with their hearts cleansed and minds renewed." The Christian Endeavor World says: "It was Christian Endeavor that obtained from the authorities at the state prison the right for the men to conduct their meetings every Sunday. This privilege has not been abused, and to-day these prisoners have as much liberty in carrying on their meetings in the chapel as any outside society has. Much credit for the fine work done is due A. G. Mueller, prison superintendent of the State department. He not only helps men in prison, but cares for them, if they need help, after they come out, until they find employment."

European nations associated together in this war as never before are beginning to see more clearly than before what each has done for the world in the past. A London paper has this note: "It is so new to Great Britain to be in alliance with Russia that the indebtedness of European civilization to the Slavonic peoples has been slenderly acknowledged, and their bewildering future hardly recognized at all. But great services to humanity have been rendered by that family of mankind. Copernicus was a Slav, and he shook the whole intellectual basis of man's knowledge more profoundly than any man who ever lived. Comenius was a Slav, and he anticipated by many years the educational reforms of Pestalozzi and Froebel. Huss was a Slav, and it was 500 years ago, on the 6th of July, that he vindicated by his death those essential principles of Protestantism which Luther and Calvin and Knox were to carry to triumph a century later. These three great Slav names serve to indicate what the Slavonic peoples have done for the world."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Superintendents Scudder and Paddock of Washington and Oregon were here recently as Exposition visitors.

The Bay Association will meet with Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, on the 14th of September.

The Rev. E. P. Abbott of San Diego, a retired Southern California minister, was a visitor at the Exposition last week and this week.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday on "The Modern Minister's Hard Problems."

The Religious Education Association meets in annual convention in Oakland this week continuing over Sunday. Many eminent men from different parts of the country and on the program.

Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary is recovering from a severe illness. One of his sisters, stricken with paralysis a few weeks ago, is very near the entrance-way to the other life.

Dr. Aked has been asked to speak at the National Council at New Haven in October on "An International Conscience." Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, is to speak on the same subject.

At the Bethany Congregational Church, San Francisco, where the Rev. Huber Burr is acting pastor, twenty-two intermediates in the Sunday-chool committed themselves definitely to Christ last Sunday.

Church people should remember that constitutional amendment to be voted on in October which will make it possible to use church buildings for all purposes of church work without subjecting them to taxation.

The Rev. Dr. B. Fay Mills will speak in the tabernacle on Van Ness avenue next Sunday at three o'clock to women only—mothers, wives, young women and girls. At 7:45 that evening he will speak to men only on "The Sins of Men."

A lady at Suisun has two dozen hymn books compiled by Charles S. Robinson, which have never been used. Any church that would like to have them can secure them by paying express charges. Write to the Rev. F. W. Washburn.

Thursday evening of next week a concert will be given in the Green Street Church of San Francisco. There will be music of a high quality by both Italians and Americans. Try to be there and show thus your interest in the Green Street work.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Moore, the president of the American Board, spoke in a most delightful way at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday. We wish we could reproduce the address, so replete was it with inspiring thought and sparkle.

Secretary Kelsey of the American Board will make his home in Berkeley. Mrs. Kelsey and daughter are here and they are located on Panoramic Way, delighted with the wonderful and beautiful view out over Berkeley and Oakland, San Francisco, Mt. Tamalpais, the bay, and out through the Golden Gate on to the sea.

The Congregational Church at Hayward will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on the 3d, 4th and 5th of September. At a reception in the church the evening of the 3d Dr. Van Horn will speak. At a vesper service at five o'clock on Sunday the 5th, the Rev. A. W. Palmer will speak on "A Look Fifty Years Ahead. At the morning service that Sunday Mr. Naylor, the pastor, will speak on "Looking Back Fifty Years."

The Rev. Dr. B. Fay Mills has been having a large and attentive hearing in San Francisco. He preaches with his old-time power and in loyalty to the fundamentals of the Christian religion. There is promise of a large and wide usefulness for him again in the evangelistic field. One minister who was greatly moved by his preaching years ago in this city, speaking of it as the most impressive he had heard up that time, says that Dr. Mills' address at a union meeting of ministers Monday of last week laid hold of him as of old and indicated great power.

It is with great pleasure that we learn that the Rev. Dr. J. K. Browne who has been in charge of the American Board work in the Pacific district for the last year and a half is to remain another year as assistant of Secretary Kelsey in field work. Dr. Browne has greatly endeared himself to the people throughout the district. He has labored ably and untiringly. His work has inured to the benefit of the home societies as well as the foreign, and the home missionary superintendents in the Coast states united with the other secretaries and superintendents in asking the American Board to continue him in this field one year more. This will be good news to the churches all over the Coast.

Chandler Harrison, the eldest son of the late James K. Harrison, passed into the other life at his home in Berkeley on Monday of this week. He was an exceptionally fine young man, twenty-five years old. His devotion to the rest of the family since his father entered on the other life was beautiful. It was almost like taking the father's place, and will make him a living memory with all who knew. Last year he won a prize in architecture which sent him to Paris for two years' study. But the European war necessitated his return; and now on the other plane of existence he goes on in the life so nobly lived there. We who remain salute him on the heights.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney Gulick gave an able address in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday evening on Golden Rule Internationalism. Those who heard him were profoundly impressed with the thought that it must be this, or a mad race in the dark for armaments. Dr. Gulick pointed out that our danger lay with the nations across the Pacific and that it was highly essential that we begin to put into practice the principles of brotherhood. "God has no pet race," remarked Dr. Gulick. "Pride goeth before a fall." We were told that while we were today lifting hands in horror at what Germany has done in Belgium it was only a few years ago that we had broken solemn treaties with China. There was mention of national atrocities in Europe such as that in the Congo country, and the thought was that God might now be scouring more than one European nation for its sins, and that we should take warning.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 1st and 2nd, 1915, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, corner of Post and Mason streets. Morning and afternoon sessions at ten and one-thirty. One evening session, Wednesday, at eight o'clock.

KENTUCKY FEUDS.

Not many years ago, Clay County, Kentucky, was one of the most notorious counties for the famous feuds that broke out continually. The newspapers made frequent mention of the Baker-Howard Feud that was waged bitterly. To-day there is no newspaper notoriety for Clay County, for there is no feud there. The remarkable story of what conquered the feuds is to be told in The Sunday School Times by a well-known writer who visited the county and met the man who is the hero of this thrilling story. This man who brought about the transformation in the county was once in the thick of the feud himself. A three weeks' free trial of The Sunday School Times may be had, (as long as the supply lasts), for a post card request, asking for "Kentucky Feuds," addressed to The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

Get your spindle and distaff ready, and God will send you flax.—J. G. Holland.

What doest thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed:
His power is infinite: His love
Thy dearest, fondest dreams above:—
So trust and rest.

—A. A. Procter.

The Home.

A WOMAN.

She is a woman, but of spirit brave
To bear the loss of girlhood giddy dreams;
The regal mistress, not the yielding slave
Of her ideals, spurning that which seems
For that which is, and, as her fancies fall,
Smiling; the truth of love outweighs them all.

She looks through life, and with a balance just
Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
The lives of others; in the common dust
She finds the fragments of the ruined star;
Proud, with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path can soil the whiteness of her feet.

The steady candor of her gentle eyes
Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity away;
She hath no room for petty jealousies,
Where Faith and Love divide their tender sway.
Of either sex she owns the nobler part;
Man's honest brow and woman's faithful heart.

She is a woman, who, if Love were guide,
Would climb to power, or in obscure content
Sit down; accepting fate with changeless pride—
A reed in calm, in storm a staff unbent;
No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,
But Man's true mother, and his equal wife.

—Bayard Taylor.

A STORY WHICH IS ALL TRUE BUT THE NAMES.

Jones and Dickinson are next-door neighbors. Both are active church-workers; and, although they are members of different churches, they are close friends, and are very frequently together. One evening this summer they were togther on Dickinson's porch, when two young women passed.

"It's a shame that Culbertson girl isn't warned," said Dickinson. "She certainly can't know about the Williams girl."

"Know what about the Williams girl?" repeated Jones.

"That she is a girl of no character," said Dickinson. And he proceeded to justify his characterization of the young women in question by reporting a number of startling stories which he said were current about her.

Jones listened eagerly. The stories had not reached him before, although the girl was an attendant at his church and he thus knew her fairly well. He was surprised, shocked, and—interested.

The stories kept running through his mind after the conversation had drifted to other matters; and, when he went home an hour or two later, he took the first opportunity to mention the Williams girl to his wife.

"I have a terrible thing to tell you," he said sadly, but it may be with a touch of self-importance, in his capacity of the bearer of valuable information. And he proceeded to

repeat, in even greater detail than Dickinson had employed, the unfortunate stories about Miss Williams.

Before he had gone very far with his account he began to realize that his wife was not listening with the rapt interest which he considered his due. She looked annoyed, and several times seemed on the point of saying something herself. Her politely restrained, but very obvious, impatience disconcerted him; and he brought his narrative to an abrupt end with the inquiry, "Had you heard about it before?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dickinson told me all that months ago."

"Then why haven't you——" said Jones, very much hurt.

"Why should I have ever mentioned it to you or any one else on earth?" retorted Mrs. Jones. "Why should Mrs. Dickinson have told me? In the first place, whatever the probabilities may be, we don't absolutely know it's true, and nobody with a conscience would be willing to help brand an innocent person with so terrible a suspicion." Jones winced. "Then, even if it is true, what possible good can come to us or any of our associates by spreading that sort of information? We don't come in contact with her except to speak to her at church, and we are in no danger from her; and it would be much better for us if we didn't know anything to her discredit, no matter what the facts really are. I am heartily sorry, for Mrs. Dickinson's sake and mine, that she ever told me what she did; and I am sorry for your sake——"

Jones is a good fellow at heart, and he profited by the rebuke. He promised never to allude to the matter again unless some circumstance came up which forced its mention, and he would not be writing about it now if it were not that he feels sure that others will profit by his slightly humiliating experience. We are very conscientious about swatting flies and using antiseptic mouth-washes, but how many of us who bear the name of Christian are making any effort to arrest the progress of the deadly gossip microbe, of which the air is so constantly full? Jones and Dickinson are very common types, but the Mrs. Joneses are sadly infrequent.—C. E. World.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

Life is just a disappointment," said a woman who had really a great deal to make for happiness.

"Then you do not live right!" answered her friend, a woman who had borne much—even disgrace for one she loved—with fortitude.

"Do you mean to tell me every one can be really happy?" exclaimed the woman.

"I am!" answered the friend. "And I have taught my children to be."

"Teach me, too, if you can."

"My dear, you have got to learn to enjoy every little bit, and just one bit at a time. When you awaken, be glad you can get up—that you need not be chained to a bed of sickness or pain. Enjoy preparing the breakfast; it is really the finest meal of the day if you take it happily.

"Watch the out-of-doors, and see its beauties—the majestic storm, the caressing sunshine and the singing birds, the glorious sunset; if you chanced to be traveling in a foreign country, you might see these same things, and call them wonderful.

"Enjoy each piece of work as it comes. Nothing is really bad to do, if we think right about it. Some of it is a little strenuous, but think of the beauty of lines of gleaming clothes, of rows of smoothly ironed garments, of glistening windows and dishes, of well-made beds and well-dusted furniture!

"Once there seemed no happiness in the world for me. But I determined to get happiness out of mere living. I made my bed with exquisite care, so that I loved to get in it at night. I set my table as if for a guest, and learned to enjoy my simple food. I liked my new clothes, however simple they were, and my household furnishings, however inexpensive.

"I enjoyed my neighbors, and my own family. I enjoyed every book and magazine as if it were the only one I possessed. I enjoyed my simple recreations as if they were rarely unusual. What gratifies me most is, that the children have fallen into the same habit. 'Nice bed,' baby says, and pats her pillow. Then she nestles down contentdly, and drops off to sleep. It is not a disappointment for her to go to bed!

" 'Let's have a picnic, mother,' Robert is very apt to say. Then we pack a basket of plain, wholesome food, and sally forth. We have no horse or power boat with which to travel, but we walk or row to some secluded spot, gather sticks for a fire, and cook our simple meal. We get close to nature, and I never hear a repining word. We all enjoy it thoroughly.

"Both boys and girls enjoy all sorts of weather, all sorts of experiences. The girls take actual delight in seeing how pretty they can make their inexpensive gowns. The boys are proud when they can add some home comfort from their little workship. . . . .

"There will, of course, be troubles for each of us. But if we persistently enjoy each minute of the day as it comes, there will be little time left for repining—and repining never helps a misfortunte."—The Housekeeper.

THE GREATNESS OF THE COMMONPLACE.

We are beginning to be truly great when we discern God's name and seal upon the commonplace. It is one thing to see God's name in lightning; it is a far finer thing to see his name in the sunlight. It is one thing to see his blazing seal in the volcano; it is a far finer thing to discern it in the household fire. It is one thing to see his awful signature in the earthquake; it is a far finer thing to see and hear that name in the trembling ear of corn. It is one thing to see the name of the Lord in the convulsions and revolutions of kingdoms; it is a greater thing to read it in the simple life and movements of a little child. It is one thing to see the Almighty in the stupendous; it is a greater thing to see him in the commonplace.

Now life is crowded with commonplace. Look at the commonplace gifts which fill our days; bread, and sleep, and reason, and friendship, and love, and home. Look at the commonplace duties which meet us day by day; they wear no gay or courtly dress, they are garbed in the grayest homespun; they do not parade on the stage, they dwell in the quiet side-streets; they have no spectators, they walk alone.

These little commonplace duties, a vast undistinguishable crowd of little "oughts" and "musts," fill most of our days. And only occasionally does any duty come to us by the main street, with band accompaniment and waving banners, and with lines of onlookers watching our exalted service.

No, life is thronged with commonplaces, and the Master teaches me that commonplaces are the raw material of greatness. Commonplaces are the first steps to sovereignty; nay, better than that, in our commonplaces we may find our thrones. To receive a little child in his name, to welcome the humdrum duty as a sacred mission, to regard a lowly office as a holy trust, to make a commonplace uncommonly noble and beautiful, this is the beginning of greatness. "He took a little child and set him by him."—Dr. J. H. Jowett.

YOU WILL UNDERSTAND SOME DAY!

Can you tell how the pansy petals grow?
Do you know where the clouds of the evening go?
Where the east winds rise and the west winds blow?

Do you know the words of the robin's song?
Can you tell when the music floats along
Whether the notes are right or wrong?

Can you follow the snowflake as it flies?
Can you tell how the mists of the morning rise?
How the green leaf crimsons before it dies?

If you cannot fathom these simple things;
If your thought drops down when it tries its wings
So near to earth and no answer brings—

Is it strange that you do not understand
The wonderful things that God has planned
For you in that undiscovered land?

The robin's song you may not translate;
Nor the lines in the open book of fate;
But the truth is there, if you only wait.

If you wait, faint heart, you'll find
The missing link that can unwind
All that Divinity designed

For us to know. Some time you'll say,
I see God's plan—I can trace His way
You will understand—some day—some day!

—Julia H. May.

For The Children.

THE JOURNEY OF A WATER DROP.

A Sunbeam dancing over the gently moving swells of the great ocean one day, heard a little Water Drop sighing. The Sunbeam thought the Water Drop must be in trouble, and as all little sunbeams wish to be of help to anyone in trouble, asked what the matter might be. The Water Drop sighed again and said: "I am so tired doing nothing but just tossing around down here, being driven first one way and then another by the wind. I have been watching that soft white cloud in the sky and wishing I might be up there. It must be beautiful there. One day I heard a Water Drop telling some others that it had been on a long journey through the sky on a cloud. I was going to ask her how she got up to it, but just then a hard puff of wind blew me away and I never could find the Water Drop again to find out. I have no wings, and no way to get to the cloud, and if I had, I don't know whether the cloud would take me or not, so I suppose I will have to stay here always." And with this the poor little Water Drop began to weep bitterly. "Don't weep," said the Sunbeam. "Get onto my shoulder and I will carry you up to the cloud. I know it will be glad to take you for a long, long journey; for it told me, if I saw any water drops that wanted to go traveling to bring them along. That is part of my business, to carry water drops up to the clouds."

"Oh, thank you!" said the Water Drop as, smiling through her tears, she climbed onto the Sunbeam's shoulder. Up, up, they went like a flash and before the little Water Drop had time to think she found herself on the back of the softest, fleeciest cloud. To her great surprise she saw a great many other water drops there with whom she had played down in her home in the great ocean. She knew the journey would be all the more pleasant now, for with all these little friends she would not get lonely.

A gentle breeze began to blow, and with a soft, purring sound the cloud sped away through the sky like a fast-flying bird. Soon the great ocean was left behind and the merry company went sailing over the land. Away below the little Water Drop could see green fields and great cities. Now and then she would catch the perfume from sweet-smelling flowers, and sometimes the odor of smoke and fumes from the factories in the great cities. She liked the scent of the flowers best.

Some of the water drops asked the cloud to let them go to the earth, so that they might see better what the people in the great cities were doing, or that they might get a closer look at the flowers. As they began to fall, the little Water Drop heard the people say, as they ran indoors, "It's raining." The flowers and grass seemed glad, for they lifted their heads and brightened, as a sad countenance is brightened by a smile.

On and on sped the cloud. The air became cooler and cooler. By and by, in the distance, a high mountain came into view. The little Water Drop became frightened, for it thought the cloud would bump into the mountain, but no, the cloud lifted itself and skimmed over the top as light as a feather.

The Water Drop began to feel very queer, and before she could think what the trouble was, found herself floating all alone. The cloud had gone, but the Water Drop did not care, for now she had wings of her own. The cool breeze, with a magic kiss, had changed her into a beautiful snowflake. Down, down she floated, until, with many other snowflakes, she sank gently to rest on the great mountainside. Here she went to sleep.

How long she slept there, I do not know. One day the Sunbeam found her, and breaking the spell of the cool breeze's magic kiss, turned her back into a water drop.

She was anxious now to get back to her old home. So with many other water drops for companions, she started down the mountainside. Every water drop she met seemed anxious to go with her, so ere long they became a great, merry company.

Jumping, dancing and leaping they went, around stones, over mossy pebbly beds, here moving slowly with a gentle murmur, there racing with a roar like a mighty wind; here moving softly through a shady nook, there leaping over high precipices, with a sound of thunder, winding through deep, dark canyons until they came out into a pleasant valley.

On either side of the Water Drop's path now grew flowers

and trees. From the flowers the busy bees sipped honey. In the branches of the trees the birds built their nests and sang sweet songs. Under their shade cattle and sheep lay down to rest. The trees and flowers put out their roots, and as she passed, the Water Drop kissed them, sending new life into their bodies.

As she glided on toward her home, other streams joined the one of which our little friend was a part, until the united stream became so strong that it carried boats on its back. In the boats was wheat. The boats stopped at a large building that stood beside the stream. This was a mill, where the wheat was ground into flour, and as the little Water Drop passed along, it helped to turn a big wheel that runs the mill.

Just below the mill were other boats loaded with flour. The little Water Drop and her friends picked them up and carried them to the city, where the flour was made into bread and cakes for the people to eat. After leaving the boats the little Water Drop went into a large iron pipe. It was very dark in there. The drops behind seemed very anxious to go ahead and they pressed our little friend so hard against the ones in front that it almost squeezed the life out of her. She asked them why they were in such a hurry. They said that at the end of the pipe was a big wheel, which they must turn to run a big, electric dynamo so that the people in the city might have lights and power to run their street cars. The little Water Drop said she didn't mind being uncomfortable for a while if it meant joy and comfort for the people.

By and by the little Water Drop got through the pipe, out into the sunlight again, and here was a large ship laden with people and merchandise, waiting to be carried out to the great ocean. The little Water Drop, with the aid of her friends, picked up the big ship and carried it on its way.

By and by the little Water Drop reached its home. Here it stopped and gave the ship over to other water drops, who caried it on across the great ocean.—G. W. Duncan.

ON THE TELEPHONE.

Whenever mother telephones,
She talks about a lot of things,
So father only sits and groans,
Whenever anybody rings.
"The season's earlier this year."
"I haven't got my new straw hat."
"I can't because my child is here."
"What did her husband say to that?"

And father only says "Hello!"
And takes the 'phone up in his hand.
"Is that you, Hawkins? This is Snow.
I wired Chicago. Understand?
I think our man intends to fight;
But we can best him if we try.
You'd better do so, then, to-night.
See you to-morrow. Well, good-bye."

And sister says, "Oh, is that you?"
And then she fixes up her hair,
'S if anybody could see through.
"Oh, I don't know. Oh, I don't care."
"I think I can, if you insist."
"And wasn't yesterday a dream?"

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"There's seven on the waiting list."
"I do love strawberry ice cream!"

But what I do is just to say
To Annabel, or Lucy White,
"Can you come over here and play?"
And then they answer me, "All right!"
Perhaps when I am really grown—
I'm only seven and a half—
I'll get my friends upon the 'phone,
And talk and talk and laugh and laugh!
—St. Nicholas.

If thy work and deeds are not attractive to all men,
Try to attract the few—folly to humor the crowd.
—Schiller.

No advice is ever good. Like Nebuchadnezzar's food, it may be wholesome, but it isn't good.—W. J. Locke, in "The Glory of Clementina."

Prosperity tries the heart with keener temptations; for hardships may be endured, whereas we are spoiled by success.—Tacitus.

We are accustomed to judge of others by ourselves; and though we graciously absolve them for faults which are like our own, we condemn them with severity if they have not our virtues.—Balzac.

If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find there was no advantage in them? that it was a vain endeavor?—Thoreau.

There must be rough, cold weather
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.
—Alice Cary.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.
—E. Hamilton King.

As tender sympathy with every weakness and unrest every poverty, suffering, and unheeded complaint, Christ reigns in his disciples.—Mozoomdar.

Learn to live for the day, putting forth all your powers in the joy of present service.

The art of life consists in a constant readjustment to our surroundings.—Lo Kakura-Kakuzo.

Against stupidity the gods are powerless.—Schilling.

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